

THE WABASH EXPRESS.

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Devoted to the Whig Policy, News, Commerce, Literature and Good Morals.

\$3.00 At the end of the year

WHOLE NO. 889.

TERRE-HAUTE, INDIANA, APRIL 20, 1859.

VOL. XVIII. NO. 20

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI, April 10th 1859.

Not having visited this "Queen City of the West" for several years, we are fairly impressed with the general improvement that has been going on since that time. While the limits of the city have been much extended, the character of the buildings is more elegant, and the air of architectural beauty—of refined taste, about the buildings of this city, which you will find in no other city west of the chain of mountains that divide the East from the West. Famed as Cincinnati for excellence in the fine arts—here being the place where the genius of Powers received that impulse which makes him to-day the Phidias of the 19th century, the time is not far distant when she will be equally celebrated for the skill of her mechanics and the lavish expenditures of her capitalists. There seems to be a commendable strife among the men of means to determine who shall do the most to beautify and adorn the city. The palatial residences, embowered amid flowers and evergreens—the marble fane business houses—going up so high they seem inclined together at the top—the magnificence of some of the public buildings—and the crowning glory of her genius and her taste, which seems to be concentrated in a glow of illuminated beauty in Pike's Opera House, makes this in fact "The Queen City of the West."

While St. Louis, the advancing rival of Cincinnati, is built with less regard to architectural symmetry, still there is a rough grandeur about her that requires only a few polishing touches to make her perhaps the superior. St. Louis is the smooth pioneer, displaying a large amount of muscle and more physical energy, more in electrical force, but less desire here. The city of Missouri fitly personifies manhood, full grown and robust, acting on the motto, "there is nothing impossible," and reaching with the strides of a young giant to an enviable future just before her. While Cincinnati is a somewhat sparkling city with lovely jewels and redolent in spiky beauty—the one to be admired—the other loved.

Passing along one of the fashionable streets of this city the other day we came to a square walled in by bricks and stone. We walked round it and found it inaccessible on all sides but where an iron gate turns upon its rusty hinges. Within this inclosure are three dwellings—the middle one, which is an one-story cottage, is the residence of the millionaire N. Longworth—no matter who resides in the other two. This residence is but a common one, such as only a rich man can afford to live in—his less wealthy neighbors must of course make a greater display. It is only the truly rich who can live in comfortable houses and wear comfortable clothing. While walking in front of this princely house, we met a small, old and seemingly decrepit man. On his feet were large loose shoes which compelled him to drag one foot after the other, rather than step. His coat shone and evidently was worn with an eye to comfort, more than appearance. His face was furrowed with years, but beneath his overhanging eye brows dilated a quick, restless, penetrating eye. We watched this old man, saw him go to this iron gate, open it and go in. A stranger told us this man is Cincinnati Longworth—the wealthiest man in Cincinnati. Here philosophy is proverbial—whose wine collars are filled with the choicest wines of every clime and almost every age—whose efforts in the cultivation of the grape have made him truly, the patron saint of the vine—the impress of whose energy and enterprise meets you at every turn in this city and who gave the material aid that enables Hiram Powers to be the first sculptor of the age.

We watched Mr. L. with much interest, and from the bottom of our heart did we pity him. When we thought of the large amount of property he was compelled to take care of—the varied interests he was forced to look to—and the hours of restless anxiety that drive away the ease and quiet so necessary and pleasant in old age, how could we help but sympathize in his distress? Mr. Longworth has nothing gets nothing, can have nothing more, can get nothing more as a compensation for taking care of his large possessions, but just what he eats and wears. This is all, and it is less rich, he could have the same necessities and luxuries with less care—the same necessities, with more rest—the same comforts and he happier. He would have less to live for, and be more willing to die. A competency of this world's goods is desirable, but an excess of wealth is a burden, if not a curse.

The mention of most interest in this city at the present time is the Strakosch troupe now entertaining the thousands at Pike's Opera House. The house is magnificent—splendid. Certainly the finest on the continent, and Strakosch says no peer in the world. About the house I will say no more, but in relation to the troupe we remain mum—have nothing to say—feel wholly incompetent to describe a humber so magnificently splendid. Will not undertake to do justice to a subject so stupendously ridiculous. The Opera—what in the name of all the Gods at once, does it mean? Fancy fifty singers all on the stage at once, each one screaming at the top of his voice, accompanied by a full orchestra of brass horns and bass drums and you can have but a faint idea of "Maurice Strakosch's celebrated Italian Opera." The language of the Opera of course is Italian, not one word of which is understood by the audience—the performers are all foreigners, and we wish they had remained so.

But it will not do to say that the Opera is not the perfection of everything that is glorious in the musical world, for that would offend so many ears polite, so we will only say in the individual opinion of the writer, that the Opera, even at Pike's Opera House, is a grand Italian humber—possessing solely one merit, and that is, the original one of not being understood or appreciated by one out of every one hundred who hear it.

CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI, April 10th 1859.

There are moments when the use of the pen, is to a writer of ardent enthusiastic temperament a privilege inestimable. It relieves the mind of its burden of joy or sorrow, and leaves it free for the reception of other impressions. The impulsive poetical soul under the accumulation of thought, pinches to throw it off to the world—thereby getting rid of it, and yet at the same time preserving it perhaps for immortality—who knows!

I have thoroughly enjoyed Cincinnati. I have ridden over its hills—both speaking of hills! I can understand how the Swiss soldiers, when cast upon a hostile plain, weep at the notes of the Rara des Vaches—how the sturdy Highlander looks with something like contempt upon the effeminate Lowlander—for I have felt the same filling my eyes as the train dashed through the picturesque hills—after being pent up for nine months in a Prairie City. With my readers believe me when I say, that I too loved, as we rounded the first huge hill on the road, and when the locomotive, like a thing of life, drew us around the splendid suburban slopes of Cincinnati, crowned with palatial stately mansions, I could have kissed the very feet of the castellated hills for their beauty. I worship the mountain ranges, with their snow-kissed peaks peering into heaven—I gaze with awe upon our own Virginia peaks of Ohio so stern, so solemn, so eternal—and hills, and gorges, and cliffs, and ravines, and deep blue valleys brim full of feathery mist, chain affinity with my soul—Therefore, before pursuing my eastward way, I paused at Cincinnati. I might never behold it again. I was wonted to the enjoyment of its varied beauties now. But as I was saying—having enjoyed Cincinnati thoroughly—having ridden over its hills, and viewed it on every side—having swept down its spacious side walks—and paid my respects to its lions—let me to the Express is of course the consequence. I will therefore make a clean sweep of all received impressions, that my mind may be left in that state of docile quiescence, upon which new images so readily photograph themselves. The first impression I received was from the French windows of my rather handsome apartment at the Spencer House, which overlook the Ohio with its steamboats and other crafts, and the cities of Covington and Newport on the opposite side. As I viewed these scenes so charming I determined, as the negro minstrels have it—to quit the United States and go to Covington. This was easily done, for two cents, a horse coin ignored in Terre Haute, but which one finds of some value, as one proceeds eastwardly. So I glided over in the Queen City one balmy Spring afternoon and for the first time, placed my foot upon the dark and bloody ground of old Kentucky. Of course visions of Daniel Boone, and accompanying shadows, passed in review across my mind. I "did" Covington in one hour, and returned to that popular rendezvous, the Spencer House, very much charmed with my visit.

Amusements of every kind are going on in the city. Strakosch is carrying every thing before him at Pike's Opera House—Mrs. Sinclair playing to empty boxes at the National—the Buckley's, at Wood's—and the Internal Regions still enticing the stranger to look in at the Museum. We are to have a horse opera at the National, next week. By the way, Mr. Turrell, of the Lafayette Journal, says, the horse opera ought to draw well!

The new papers, after flattering Strakosch to death, are down upon the introduction of the Ballet Girls in Meyerbeer's great Opera, Roberto Di Diavolo, which he has gotten up here in a style of magnificence that beggars description. Upon the whole, I think Cincinnati a pretty "considerable village," as the professor says of New York.

Mexico had seven Presidents in the month of January.—Lafayette (Mr. J. E. Rogers). How should pity Mexico. We have but one, and yet we find the inflection dreadful. What would it be if we had seven Buchanan's with seven states of senators, standing "cool" and "live oak," and "forcing vouchers" to get Uncle Sam's money? Mexican Locofocoism is equal to Democratic Hydra with seven heads, and an insuperable quality of "horror"—Philadelphia News.

Our Philadelphia contemporary, we think, wastes his pity on Mexico when we are afflicted with eight Presidents, one elected and the others ex-officio, as members of the Cabinet, to say nothing of Geo. Sanders, Geo. Pitt, Glancy Jones, and others, who were in full possession of all the prerogatives of "stealing coal and live oak," taking percentages on contracts, buying up military reservations, and "cheating all around the board" generally.

The New York papers tell us that Geo. Joe Lane of Oregon, the Great Unrecovered, was initiated into the mysteries and virtues of the celebrated Tammany Society last Thursday night. Probably they have learned him how to get up a "no party" reception, in his own honor, without letting the patrons design of it appear as plainly as it did in his attempt last summer. At least we hope they have learned him some enough not to get mad if his opposing patrons choose not to help on his little scheme. If they have they have done him more good than a Tammany initiation has done for most men.

A Sharp Transaction—A Bank Swindled out of \$2,000.

The Cincinnati Times says: "We learn from the Pittsburgh Chronicle, that the Allegheny Bank was swindled out of \$2,000 by a very ingenious manoeuvre. It was as follows: One O. N. Williams makes his appearance, in the village of New Philadelphia, Ohio, who proposes to go into partnership with a Mr. Hull, merchant at that place. His proposition is accepted, but Mr. H. is informed that Mr. W. has two drafts for \$2,000 each which he must get cashed. Mr. Hull being about to accompany him and get the draft cashed in that city. Mr. Williams goes willingly, through the agency of Mr. H. is introduced to the Allegheny Bank by influential persons, gets a draft for \$2,000 cash, and has not been heard from since."

The American horses now in England are engaged in the following stakes: Princess—in the Steward's plate at Stockbridge and the Tradesman's plate at Chester, spring meeting. Bonita—\$5,000 stakes of 50 sovereigns each at Newmarket 21 October, Derby and Oaks stakes at Epsom, St. James' Palace stakes at Ascot, St. Leger stakes at Doncaster, Yorkshire Oaks and Eber St. Leger, at York, August.

Woodburn—in all the above, except the first, third and seventh. Mrs. Pardighe, the obstetrician, charitable lady, the friend of Mrs. Delahay, of Haverhill, Mass. has just published, of that pious philanthropist, Mr. G. Fisher, and other persons in "Black House," must be visiting America, for we hear that an inquisitive female visited Boston full the other day. She said to one prisoner: "What are you in for?" For stealing a horse? "Won't you try and do better next time?" "Yes, I'll steal two."

A little boy named Burkhardt, while cutting turf, in Pike county, on Monday last week, somehow got a cockle burr in his mind pipe. In breathing, he drew into his lungs a cockle burr. Doctors were sent for, but it was not known what the result would be, but the worst was anticipated.

Retrieved—Our much esteemed fellow citizens, Judge Jenckes and Jos. S. Jenckes, Esq. have returned home from a visit to Florida, whither they have been in search of health.

We are pleased to learn that the health of both gentlemen has improved. Mr. W. called attention to the advertisement of Mr. A. M. Clark, in another column of to-day's paper. Mr. Clark is a master in his profession and will give entire satisfaction to all who may desire instruction in the graceful art of dancing. Attend his ball and witness the results of his instructions during the past season.

DIED ON A TRAIN—A man died on the train on the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, last Saturday last. He took the cars at Crestline, and had tickets for St. Louis. He was bleeding at the lungs when he went on board the train, and died between Galton and Marietta.

ROCKING—The firemen of Indianapolis, indulged in rocking a house of bad repute, on Sunday night last. The inmates of which had disregarded frequent notices to leave. The house was subsequently burned—accidentally, we suppose.

The Petersburg (Pike Co.) Reporter says that a man named Isaac Simpson was strangled and killed instantly, by David Young on Saturday of last week. An examination made it appear that the act was done in self-defense, and Young was held in only \$200 bail.

MALE CHAMBERMAIDEN—Females are so scarce in some of the interior towns of California, that men have to be employed to do the chamber work. A female is no longer installed in a "place" than she becomes involved in some matrimonial scheme.

Quick—We received the N. Y. Tribune of Monday, on yesterday morning, it having been 36 hours on the road. Papers and letters mailed at Cincinnati are received here about 12 hours later than under the former arrangement.

We learn that young Rogers, whose case we mentioned yesterday morning, has given the required bail, and is now at liberty. The general impression is, that Rogers is not guilty.

Two Real Estate agencies at Indianapolis, are quarreling over the question as to which of them will sell a certain piece of property to Judge Roache. Settle it amicably, gentlemen.

LATER NEWS—We give the latest news from all parts of the country—from 12 to 24 hours in advance of all western information! Subscribe for the Daily Express and keep up with the times.

The New Albany Ledger says: "The Indiana Journal has an account of 'bricks' that follow. They probably resemble the bricks that follow carry in their bars and have the property of making the head swim."

The Louisville Courier says that a little child was attacked by a dog in that city, the other day, and badly hurt about the breast and arms, though not dangerously injured.

If Siskies is a murderer what is Butter worth?—He won't add to the list of murderers. Thirty-five cents, and scarce at that.

AFFECTING.

Up in Podunk, where the little Rhodora, dies and fades. Where the winter winds whistle, All round the lake—Lived the dearest girl you ever saw in your life! And like a blue-bird's song, Voice like a lark, As sweet as her cousin's, Calm and clear, With her apron she was sported, Checked and clean, Mingled with our hush together, All day we sat, A shadowy figure in winter weather, Happy as fate. Long I stuck to her like leeches, Summer and Fall, A shadowy figure in winter weather, Happy as fate.

A Cuban passed through Petersburg, Va., with a stable of sixteen New York-bred horses, en route for Havana.

J. H. Wesley established what he called the Methodist Rule—To have the whole of a religious service but an hour long.

A wing of the Minnesota State University is completed at a cost of \$49,000 it is one-third of the proposed structure.

The "new-western," contemplate building a new hall, and propose to receive monthly contributions at 25 cents on subscription.

There are thirteen thousand uniformed volunteers in Pennsylvania. In all there are now about one hundred and fifty thousand men capable of bearing arms in the State.

Some of the donors of purchasing a watch. The market showed her a beautiful one, remarking that it went thirty-six hours. "I one day," asked poor Susan.

The latest style of hoop skirts, is the self-adjusting double back action bustle. Pin cushion attachment, passover indestructible. It is a very sweet thing.

Washington Irving is seventy-eight years old. Pounding who commenced his literary career with Irving, as an editor of Salem, is eighty-one years old.

Robert Harvey, a gentleman in the legal profession at Chicago, has dramatized "The Life of Robert Burns," so arranged as to introduce many of the poet's most admirable songs.

Ten Jones, the negro victim in the Siskies case at Petersburg, Va., died from his injuries on Wednesday. Gilbert the Siskies, here, awaits his trial in jail, for murder.

John D. Deffoes announces that he will commence, on the first of June, the publication of a paper at Indianapolis. Mr. Deffoes is an able writer, and will make a good paper.

There has been four hundred cases of measles at Niles, Michigan, within the past four months. A boy from Chicago commented about the disease to the scholars in the Union School.

The Lockport Courier says the congregation of the Methodist Church in that place have repudiated and discarded the popular practice which prevails, of calling three or four hundred out of a slip to seat one lady.

Another fraudulent issue of Western Bonds has been discovered. They purport to be bonds of Marshall county, Iowa, to the amount of \$67,000, payable in one, two, three and four years.

A boy and girl, aged respectively 13 and 9 years, were carried over the dam in the river at Albion City, Wisconsin, on Monday, at a kick, and were drowned. They were the children of Joseph Becker.

A large Democratic meeting was held in Quitman, Mississippi, at which resolutions were adopted recommending Hon. Albert G. Brown, of this State, to the Charleston Convention for nomination for President.

A son of Senator Douglas lies dangerously ill at Washington. The Judge had gone to New York on a short visit, but was immediately called home to minister at his son's bedside.

A late number of the Kansas City Journal of Commerce, reports "two feet of snow by the metal mark and still rising." It asks how can criminal approach the presence of its Maker Sunday mornings with Main street in such a predicament? and advises women to hold a meeting for the purpose of sidewalks, the select men no having constructed any.

An English debater stated, in a speech against Mr. Disraeli's Reform bill, that the £60 savings bank classes virtually placed the duffage beyond the reach of the workingman, and he said, amidst roars of laughter, that he would like to know how Mr. Disraeli, himself would have used in this particular, if he had not napped that rich old woman.

The Crops.—The Lafayette Courier speaks in the most encouraging terms of the appearance of the crops in the Wabash Valley.

The Farmersville Advertiser gives a flattering account of the crop prospects in Lake county.

The Wheat Crop.—From all parts of the country, we learn that the wheat never looked better, at this season of the year than it does at the present. It is now in the best of the crop at crop of Southern will be a fine one, we are sure.—Strahan (Ind.) Republican.

The Kenton Republican says that in Hardin county the wheat looks very fine, and the fruit trees of every kind give the most abundant promise of a rich yield.

Our City Election.

The importance of our city election must certainly be manifest to all. No municipal election that has taken place since the incorporation of Terre Haute, was of so much importance. One half of the councilmen are to be elected for four years and all the rest of the officers for two. How important is it then that we should select our best men—men who have the ability, the will and the determination to discharge faithfully and honestly the duties pertaining to the office they may be called on to fill.

The revenue of this city is large, and it properly managed could be used for the promotion of much good, but in the hands of inefficient men, it will be, as it has been, injudiciously expended, not advancing in the slightest degree the public interest. Our taxes are heavy, and if there was economy in the public expenditures they could be lessened and the general interest as well taken care of.

Philharmonic Society.

At a meeting of this association, held on Thursday last, in the Congregational Church, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

A. C. Isaac, President; A. T. Madison, Vice President; P. S. Westfall, Secretary; L. A. Smith, Treasurer; J. C. Meisinger, 1st Director; G. E. Brokaw, 2d do.; Albert Isaac, 3d do.

This Society is now thoroughly organized, comprising some of the very best vocal and instrumental talent of our city. Arrangements are being made for a Hall for rehearsals, and under the able direction of Professor Meisinger our citizens may certainly anticipate some rare musical entertainments. Success to the "Philharmonic."

A New Man Over the Sabbath to Expose its Inventions.

A singular case came up before the Marine Court, at New York, recently. A summons had been served upon the defendant, Henry Haym, a Jew, on Saturday, March 5th, 1859. This he moved to set aside, on the ground that it was made contrary to law. It appeared in evidence that the defendant, at the time the service was made, had taken passage on a steamer, and was just pur chasing a newspaper; and was also in the habit of keeping his stable open on Saturday. Judge Thompson thereupon decided that as the defendant did not keep the seventh day of the week holy, he could not avail himself of the statute designed to protect those who faithfully observe it.

The Glasgow Gazette complains of the neglect with which this historical relic is treated. The writer went to visit the sword at Dumbarton Castle, and was shocked at seeing a place of emptiness as regards one single relic of arms to uphold the name of Bruce. No arms were there but two Highland dirks, a Lochaber axe, and on the wall, carefully hung and irreverently exposed, without a covering of the least thing to protect it, the sword of Scotland's great martyr patriot. But this is not all as respects the sword, with its brilliant scabbard. Some awkward creature, in taking it down from the wall, had apparently let it fall, and there it is, lying on the floor, in a state of destruction silently and surely.

The editor of the Nashville News states from personal observation during a late trip into the country, and from information derived from the local newspapers as well as from reliable personal acquaintances with whom he has conversed, that the growing wheat crop of Tennessee is quite promising of an ample yield, but that the breadth of land sowed down in that cereal is not one third as great as it has been in any one of the last three or four years.

The Major General Casar Augustus Dodge, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the anti filibustering court of Spain, were authoritatively informed, has left Madrid and journeyed toward Valencia and Barcelona and Italy. At his earnest request, the Queen presented him with portraits of herself and the King; and if it is true that he has not the "confidence," he cannot be charged to future with lacking the "countenance," of the Spanish government.

The States Rights Democrats, published at Helena, Ark., says that should the will of Janus Craig be sustained, donating a large sum of money for the purpose of building a college at Helena, that with ordinary management and proper investment, the endowment will equal that of Harvard University, which has a fund of one million nine hundred and thirty-six dollars.

We are pleased to learn that our friend, Andy Beck, so long in the employ of the T. H. & Richmond Railroad, as conductor on freight train, has been placed in charge of the third passenger train, recently placed upon the road. Andy will make a very popular Conductor, as his prompt business habits, and urbane and courteous manners have won him hosts of friends.

Some idea of the magnitude of this business may be obtained by the announcement in one of our exchanges that the Empire Machine Company of New York, Conn., have contracted for building 5,000 such machines for one New York company.

An exchange publishes two lines of the great epic upon General Jackson, written by a Western bard:

"When you see their eyes glitten, then, my men, Were the last dying words of A. Jackson, Esquire."

A Young Lady that Carries a Pistol.

The Newark Mercury says: "A gentleman residing near Caldwell, while driving from this city to his home, one dark night not long since, overtook on the road a young lady, who was walking toward Bloomfield. He invited her to get in and ride, and inquired the cause of her being out alone at that time of night. She replied that she had arrived in Newark too late for the stage to Bloomfield, where she was going to visit some friends, and had concluded, as the distance was not great, to walk out there rather than to remain in the city. The gentleman then asked her if she was not afraid to be alone on the public highway, and at that hour, and on such a dark night. Oh, no," she replied, I have carried a pistol for two years past, and am never afraid." The gentleman looked at the speaker, and saw she was not only young but fair, and came to the conclusion that her education had been somewhat different from that of our city belles, who think it an awful matter to be left alone for half a minute in the middle of a road.

An English Admiral's Opinion of American Steamship of War.

In the House of Commons, on the recent debate upon the Navy Bill, Lord John Hay spoke as follows:

"A good deal has been said about the United States vessels, which, went, he might almost say, 'swagging' about everywhere, and creating a great deal of fuss; but he did not think from what he had seen of them, that they would be very desirable vessels to imitate. There was the Merrimack, for example; he went on board of her, and found that she could not carry all her guns. She had a very long bow, and all the advantages which American vessels are supposed to possess, and yet she could only carry seven and a half miles an hour under full steam. She carried very heavy guns; but there were no signs of their ever having been cast loose, and she could not carry coal at all in proportion to her requirements, every half mile corner being stuffed with coal bags, in the case of a long voyage. The Wabash was no better; and the Niagara, which had been built at an enormous cost, and had 5000 tons burden, only carried 12 guns. He did not think that this was a class of vessels which we ought to copy."

Municipal Election.

The New Albany Tribune says: "In view of the question raised at Lafayette by Mr. Gregory, concerning the effect of the municipal city law, upon the terms of the several city officers, the Council at its last meeting requested the opinions of Judge T. L. Smith, Judge Otto, Randall Crawford, and the City Attorney upon the subject. These opinions were filed with the city clerk yesterday. We presume it would be a matter of very little interest to the great majority of our readers to publish it full, the reasons so forth by these legal gentlemen, for coming to the conclusion they have arrived at. Suffice it to say that they all concur in believing Mr. Gregory's views upon this subject to be wrong, and that, consequently, an election must be held next month for all city officers. In this opinion, we believe they are sustained by every lawyer in the city. We suppose this question may now be considered settled, so far as New Albany is concerned."

A PILLOW OF FIRE—A Pike's Peak pilgrim passed through Davenport, the other day, and caused a buckskin suit, with the seat of his breeches painted red. He also had a gun on his shoulder, a dog at his heel, and was following the railroad track. Imagine a dark night, a frost train in the rear, with a light reflector in front of the engine, throwing light on this subject.—Exchange.

The Lafayette Journal says: "We imagine that if the engineer wouldn't discover the red light ahead, and the cowatcher wouldn't penetrate the painted part of the pedestrian's breeches, he would be impressed with the idea that he had arrived at the gold region and accidentally slid down on the peak."

LEAKS—A friend (says an exchange) returning from a depot, a few mornings since, with a bottle of freshly imported "Maine Law," saw a fellow lady who he must inevitably know, putting the bottle under his arm. He softly walked along side.

"Well," said the young lady, after disposing of health and the weather, "what is that bottle under your arm from which she discovered a dark fluid dripping."

"Oh, nothing but a coat the tailor has been mending for me."

"Oh, it's a coat, is it? Well, you'd better carry it back and get him to sew up and more holes it leaks."

A sailor the other day, in describing his first efforts to become a watchman, said that just at the close of a dark night, he was sent off to see if he could see a light. After a short time he was hailed from the dock with a "Watch head shy."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the answer.

"Do you see a light?"

"Yes, sir."

"What light?"

"Daylight, sir."

The lookout was ordered down with a turn.

OUTRAGE—The following atrocious pun was perpetrated at the tea table, by a young man of this city, who had hitherto sustained a character as a person of good sense.

"Why is it ridiculous when she gives away her last apple like the capital of Indiana?"

"Because she is an Indian apple tree."

In the confusion which ensued, the punny villager escaped, and has not since been heard from.—Lafayette Courier.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—It is expected that the trial trip of this monster vessel, which has been dragging along for several years towards completion, will take place in July, sailing from Weymouth, England, to the middle of the ocean and back again, to test her qualities under all possible conditions of sail and steam.

OLD BUCK, who has an enormous large mouth, called on Dr. Pondage to get a tooth drawn. When the Doctor began to strain and stretch his mouth till he got to a most frightful extent. "Stay, sir," said the Doctor, "don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider, for I intend to stand on the outside of it to draw your tooth."

An exchange publishes two lines of the great epic upon General Jackson, written by a Western bard: